THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

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Here and There.

THE last part of the "Mystery of Edwin Drood" will appear next month, and we believe it is intended to accompany it with a finely-executed portrait of Mr. Dickens, from the last photograph taken of him by Mr. Mason, of Bond-street.

It may not be generally known that Charles Dickens had ten children, two of whom are dead. Two are daughters; one of whom is Mrs. C. A. Collins, and the other is unmarried. Of the six sons the eldest conducts "All the Year Round;" the youngest is still at college; one is in the navy; two are sheep farming in Australia, and one is in India.

Prince Achille Murat had an interview with Earl Granville, on Thursday, at Walmer Castle. He came to London on Wednesday from Paris, whence he had returned after having consulted with the noble earl on Sunday last. Count Bernstoff, the Prussian ambassador, also had an interview with the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Mr. John Ivatt Briscoe, M.P., died at his residence in Eaton-place, on Tuesday evening. Mr. Briscoe entered Parliament in 1830 for the county of Surrey; sat for East Surrey from 1832 to 1835; for Westbury, from 1837 to 1841; and from 1857 to the present time for West Surrey. The hon. gentleman was in his 80th year. He was educated at Oxford, where he took a second class in classics, and on leaving the University entered as a student at Lincoln's Inn. He was never called to the bar, but the advantage of his legal education was shown by a steady interest in the amendment of the law. A pamphlet, on "Prison Discipline," came from his pen, and he was also the author of several political pamphlets, always written on the side of progress.

The following are mentioned amongst the names of candidates for the chairmanship of the Metropolitan Board of Works: Colonel Fraser, Mr. Ayrton, M.P., Lord Robert Montagu, Mr. W. Hawes, and Mr. J. Runtz. The election will take place on the 23rd of September.

The silver medal of the Royal Humane Society has been unanimously awarded to Miss Ina Cummings, a young lady 18 years of age, for saving the life of Mrs. K. Jack. This lady, the wife of a surgeon on board her Majesty's ship Mersey, was bathing at Whitepoint, Queenstown. The locality is a treacherous one, and Mrs. Jack, having ventured out too far, was suddenly carried away by a strong current, and was in great danger of being drowned, when Miss Cummings rushed out of a bathing house, got hold of Mrs. Jack, and swam with her into shallow water, this brave action being accomplished with great difficulty and no small risk. The bronze medallion has been awarded to John Russell for saving three persons whose boat was capsized in the river Medina, Isle of Wight; to Joseph Dollimore, A.B., of her Majesty's ship Star, for saving George Davey, who fell overboard at sea in the English Channel; to John Hurley, of her Majesty's ship Serapis, for saving George Hawkes, who fell overboard off Dover; to Joseph Coffee, of the Irish Constabulary, for saving John Leary, who fell into the river Lee, off Union-quay, Cork; and to Charles Furnivall, for saving Agnes Rutherford who had fallen into the water at Great Grimsby.

Grouse-shooting on the Moors commenced on Friday, on probably the hottest 12th of August since 1843. The supply of birds appears to have been abundant. The young birds were strong on the wing and very lively, and after the earlier hours of the morning sportsmen had much difficulty in getting within shot. The scent was so bad that the dogs could make nothing of it, and often ran over their birds. In spite of every obstacle, however, some very fair bags were made. Sheffield game dealers had some difficulty in obtaining supplies, and the number of birds on sale was not large. In the morning from 16*s.* to 18*s.* per brace was asked, but towards night they were to be bought for 13*s.* per brace. On the North Riding moors guns were not so numerous as usual, and reports did not speak of heavy bags. It was rumoured that 8*s.* to 9*s.* per brace was the moor price. In North Wales the birds were numerous and strong, and were free from any signs of disease. Large numbers of sportsmen have taken up their quarters in the Highlands for the grouse-shooting. The crop of birds in Scotland has not been so large for years. Broods were very early, and many of the birds have become so wild and strong of wing as to be hardly approachable. The number of birds in nests averaged from eight to twelve.

A publican, named Edward Brierly, has been committed for trial at Saffron Walden on a charge of feloniously shooting at Captain Elliot, of Chesterford Park, on the platform of Chesterford railway station. The case has created great excitement, and the feeling of the neighbourhood is said to be in favour of the prisoner, whose wife's name has been mentioned in connection with the cause of the attack.

An Irish labourer, named Patrick Durr, has murdered his wife at Red Bank, Manchester. His son stated that when his father and mother came home on Wednesday, his father "made a noose in a rope and put it round mother's neck. Mother screamed when the rope was made tight, and father then left her awhile, but, returning shortly after, he said 'She's not dead yet,' and pulled at the rope until she was."

A correspondent guarantees the authenticity of the following story:—"At Forbach, in the hottest of the action, an English tourist (I wish I could ascertain his name), happening to be there, fought on the French side. When Frossard's divisions retreated, that gentleman fought like a lion. British proverbial courage and energy was there shown as a glorious example, even amongst those brave columns of Frossard's divisions, retreating with regret before an overwhelming number, and when their *frères d'armes* were nearly exterminated, not only the English gentleman fought gallantly, but he saved the life of a wounded soldier, and he is now in Metz, modestly stopping in his hotel, where I intend to go and ascertain his name. Eye-witnesses, who do not know him at all, told me of it just now."

A great many accounts, probably all fabulous, are given of the manner in which General Abel Douay was killed at Weissenburgh. One story, evidently the most improbable of all, is, that when all his men were killed or dispersed, and he was left alone on a hill with three or four orderly officers, he sent them away on various pretexts, took out a pistol, and blew out the brains of his charger, that he might not fall alive into the hands of the enemy, and deliberately approached a Prussian battery with the intention of being shot. A private soldier, one of the few left near him, when "everybody" was gone, saw his "heroic bowels" gushing out. This is a *beau trait* such as the French delight to tell. But, according to another account, the General was killed at the beginning of the battle, and a Prussian soldier, who stripped him of his uniform, keeps it as a trophy.

Count Gilbert des Voisins (aged 24), the son of Madame Taglioni, the opera dancer, was killed in one of the recent fights.

It will hardly seem credible that the different detachments of *Moblos* (a nickname for Mobile), sent to fill gaps in the army of the Rhine have not had any ball practice whatever. They were drilled to handle broom sticks instead of Chassepôts, though destined to oppose an army, which the Emperor himself admitted is one of the finest in Europe. Why was this so? Englishmen may ask. Because the Emperor saw France through the eyes of M. Pietri. He fears his young Mobiles, who are too well educated and independent to stand the treatment the clod puts up with.

The horrible drama of war is not without its comic incidents. Of such a character is the occurrence which is narrated in a private letter of the 8th inst., from Mannheim, and which we have not seen mentioned in any of the War Correspondents' letters:—"A somewhat comic scene amidst the grand tragedy of war was the capture of a French train with troops, effected through our Badish soldiers at Hagenau. After our army had taken possession of the latter place, and, of course, having replaced the French telegraphist by a German one, a telegram arrived from the Commander of Strasbourg, asking, 'Is everything safe, and may we send troops?' The Germans answered, 'Yes;' when, an hour afterwards, a train arrived, with a thousand Frenchmen at Hagenau, which, without giving them the trouble of getting out of the cars, was sent, together with the locomotive, their materiel, and everything, direct to Berlin, where they thus will arrive even before the 15th August!"

Among the prisoners taken at Wöerth, were the correspondents of the *Gaulois* and the *Figaro*. They had been unable to keep up with their retreating army. Their appearance excited general merriment. They were elaborately attired in a costume which they probably supposed well fitted for a campaign. Those who have seen French sportsmen dressed for the chase will form a correct notion of the garb of these correspondents. Being regarded as non-combatants, they were not kept long in captivity.

The Danish journals, after greeting with enthusiasm the first poor and doubtful success of the French arms at Saarbrück, hang their heads and talk in a rather desponding way, now that the brilliant achievements of the Germans under the Crown Prince at Weissenburgh and Wöerth have become known. They console their readers with the intelligence that the victory was gained by a surprise, and that Weissenburgh is a town of no strategical importance at all.

A Paris correspondent writes:—"The night preceding the Napoleon Fête-day was noisy. A great many people never went to bed; a great many patrolled the Boulevards, and not a few were drunk. Several times were the sleepers in front rooms roused, to find that the shouts they heard meant nothing. At 2 a.m. there was quite a demonstration of drunken vocalists. At 4 a.m. a small procession formed in with the Marseillaise; and so, with violence, murder, arrests, and turbulent disorder as its heralds, was the Fête-day of 1870 ushered in. A large majority of the shop-keepers go through the form of keeping holiday; but as the usual festivities are not provided, and as the Emperor's latest telegram concerning the left bank of the Moselle is regarded unfavourably, the closed shops and the general aspect of the streets suggest a day of national humiliation, or the funeral of some great man. It is only the beggars who rejoice. They have availed themselves of their customary licence, and swarm the pavements. Looking down from the balcony outside my room, I see an armless man playing the violin with his elbow; a family of Sardinian dancers and tambourine players skipping to and fro; an elderly Miss Biffin dragged along in a chair by an old man, who has himself lost one leg; and an aged couple, who stand mutely by the newspaper kiosk, trusting to their clean linen and their white hair for sympathy and help. There is no lack of charity on the part of those sitting at the cafés, and I dare say the beggars are the happiest people in the crowd."

One of the strangest effects of the present war—happily a grateful result—has been its salutary influence on the health of the unfortunate ex-Empress of Mexico. The eminent physicians in attendance upon her Majesty believed that the news of the Prussian victories would do good to their Royal patient's mind, and the result has justified their anticipations. The intelligence of the German successes was no sooner communicated than her mind seemed to resume the long-broken thread of consciousness. Thenceforward she has continued to be absorbed in the news of the day, and there is now a hope that she may completely recover.

The Burgomaster of Ems has addressed to us the following communication: "The transport of troops towards the frontier of France being nearly over, the theatre of war, thanks to the valour of our soldiers and the skill of their generals, being removed far from Germany, and still further yet from our peaceful valley, many of those who interrupted their cure, or who wished to visit our baths, will perhaps like to hear that during all these weeks of bustle and alarm a pretty large number of persons from all nations remained here finishing their cure without the least disturbance. Now, the trains of our Nassau railroads going again regularly, we are in the same direct communication with all the large towns of Germany as before, and, the Rhenish steamboats going from Lahnstein up and down the Rhine, we may well say that Ems is not only a quiet and healthy, but also a very agreeable abode for all those who have to use our baths."

A LOUNGE AT LORD'S.

SAUNTERING one day early in July down what the poet called "the sweet shady side of Pall Mall," we unexpectedly found an arm linked within our own, and, turning towards the possessor thereof, came face to face with him of the magic wand. "Scribe," said he, when the usual salutations had passed, "I have for a long time been wanting to see you. There is a bit more character in store, and you must come with me to Lord's."

Being of a disposition that is easily led, more especially when the leader turns his steps in the way of amusement, we consented, at the same time inquiring under what particular aspects it was his pleasure that we should see the famed cricket-ground.

"Why," returned he, "as no two matches are ever exactly alike in their adjuncts, or draw quite the same class of company, it is better that you should be there on two or three different occasions; say, for instance, the days devoted to the North and South, the Lord's and Commons and I Zingari, and, as a special occasion, unlike all others, the Eton and Harrow match. These will give a fair chance of seeing most of the amateurs and players of note, the habitués of Lord's, who are there regularly to watch the game, which they themselves have ceased to play, as well as the general company who come there, as they do to other places, for mere fashion's sake."

Preliminaries being so far settled we parted for the time, only to meet again hard by the entrance-gate on the day when the match between the North and South began.

"Well, Scribe," said our friend, "I am glad you are here to-day, because it is one of those on which the ordinary visitor has not his life made a weariness and burthen to him by a crowd who neither know or care anything about the game, but one on which we can pick out a few of those who are famous in its annals. I like to stroll in here, for, in a healthy sense, there is no better place in which to pass an afternoon, than this well-known spot at St. John's Wood; and many a City man, tired of his office and counting-house, looks in to catch an hour or two's fresh air ere returning home to dinner. You must know that it takes its name, not, as many of our country friends suppose, because it is the playground of the nobility, but from the fact that the ground originally belonged to a Mr. Lord. It is a nice lounge, is it not? and materially improved since that large portion beyond the trees at the eastern end has been added from the old nursery-ground, though the whole aspect would look still better if Mr. Day would cover the pillars and front of his house with some creepers; they would carry off its present Tom and Jerry appearance. Half-a-dozen Virginian creepers in big tubs would do the job at once at little cost, and add pounds to the look of the place.

"You see that good-looking, bearded gentleman in the straw hat and M.C. ribbon, who apparently knows every one and has a cheery word for each. That is the active secretary, Mr. R. A. Fitzgerald. He does not play in so many matches as formerly, but has caused a deal of leather hunting and played several fine innings in his time. The ground has much improved under his management, and I never saw a better wicket than this year, or, considering the drought, ground in better condition. He fulfils his duties with great spirit, and it is evident they are to him a labour of love, or, to use the now hackneyed phrase, 'he is quite the right man in the right place.' The stout, healthy-looking man with him is Mr. Harvey Fellows, at one time a very fast bowler and a terrific hitter. He is fond of all sport, does a bit of hunting with the Old Berkeley, and looks like staying through turnips. He, with the very broad-brimmed hat and shooting-coat, is the Hon. R. Grimston, who for many years has been the Harrow coach. In his day he was a very steady bat, and could stand up against Mr. Mynn's fast bowling better than anybody else. Here his pluck served him just as it has carried him so successfully over the Vale of Aylesbury, where we can only describe him in the words of Whyte Melville, as

> 'A rider unequalled, a sportsman complete,—
> A rum 'un to follow,—a bad 'un to beat.'

"Whenever we look at him we fancy there is no man we should be more reluctant to quarrel with, for he has all the appearance of hitting out hard, and straight from the shoulder. Of course you know the tall, handsome man in the white hat standing opposite the tennis-court door, his favourite post on a match-day. I remember him one of the finest fast bowlers ever seen amongst gentlemen, and a mighty slogger to boot. Few men have upheld the game of cricket more than Sir Frederick Bathurst, and his son, who is with him, was, when in the Guards, a useful member of the Household Brigade. Let us, for convenience sake, get near the little wicket, where we can pass in review those on the seats in front of the Pavilion ere mingling with the crowd during the dinner hour. Nearest to us is Mr. E. T. Drake, a gentleman who, since his Cambridge days, has kept up his cricket famously, bowling his lobs and hitting as hard as ever. We have seen a face wonderfully like his between the steeple-chase flags riding in beautiful form; but all the Drakes are good horsemen, and there is a strong family likeness. Next him is a young officer of the Life Guards, who is a fine bat and plays every ball just as it ought to be, but he cannot make the pace quite so good between wickets as formerly, owing to an incipient bow-window, which requires a little Banting to subdue. With him is his tall good-looking colonel, also a great patron of the game. Beyond, in the white hat, is Mr. Spencer Ponsonby, whose name for a very long time was to be found in all the great matches of the season. As a cricketer he was very active indeed. By his side is a well-known member of the Garrick, for five seasons Master of the Hampshire Hounds, where I have seen him go very straight on the rough-tempered Freemason or the handsome Greyling: he keeps up his cricket, playing still with the Zingari. On the same bench is a strong, broad-shouldered baronet, who can bowl a bit and is fond of the game, but who latterly spends more of his time at Hurlingham or Shepherd's Bush. He is said to have the best shooting in Suffolk, and is also fond of hunting, generally going to Leamington for the season. There you see the member for Kinsale, who hardly ever seems to miss a match; while hard by is his young fellow-countryman, one of the members for Cork, a very useful man in an eleven, and above them the member for Petersfield, Mr. Nicholson, whom I remember as one of the best and pluckiest wicket-keepers, a fast run-getter, and most active cricketer all round. There is a man you must notice, Mr. R. A. Mitchell, of whom 'Baily' has given a good portrait. His innings, when playing for his university, never can be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to witness them. The stout, good-humoured looking man at the end of the row is the Recorder of Leicester, who seldom misses a match when he can take a holiday. There is no better judge of a race in England than the learned gentleman, and he has the stud-book at his fingers' ends; whether in the paddock at Epsom, on the Heath at Newmarket, or elsewhere, you are sure to see him intently looking on when there is a good two-year old to be saddled. Lord's is a great place for the lawyers to get a little puff of fresh air; and there is a gentleman, a member of the Western Circuit, still as active and as fond of the game as when a pretty little boy at Winchester. He makes himself useful as one of the auditors of the club. By him is another of the same profession, a member of the Home Circuit: he played well in his time for Oxford, and his name and that of his brothers is well known to all the cricketing world. Close by is a noble Irish lord, a fair player in his day, who has regularly hunted from Leamimgton for many years, and never misses Lord's during the London season when a match is on. The animated gentleman in the white hat, waxing warm in argument, is generally known as 'the Orator,' and the stout, good-natured looking man, who was long-stop for the M.C.C. when men used to field in tall, heavy, white chimney-pots, and many years treasurer and secretary of the club, is Mr. Roger Kynaston. Near him is Mr. Broughton, and another old cricketer, King George, and beyond them, in the white hat and blue and white necktie, is an admiral at the top of the tree, Lord Edward Russell, a great admirer of the game. Other faces you see in taking a general survey; those that are most familiar as regular frequenters of Lord's are Lord Aylesford, Mr. Arnaud, Mr. J. L. Baldwin, Mr. Balfour, Mr. J. Baillie, Mr. Burgoyne, Mr. R. Benson, Mr. W. W. Beach, Hon. H. Coventry, Lord Dacre, Lord Darnley, Mr. Dawson Damer, Hon. C. Fitzwilliam, Mr. M. Fitzgerald, Hon. Cecil Forester, Capt. Grosvenor, Mr. R. T. Gurdon, Mr. E. Hartopp, Mr. Inglis Jones, Hon. E. C. Leigh, Mr. C. Austen Leigh, Hon. Spencer Lyttelton, Lord Lyttelton, Mr. H. F. Langley, Mr. F. Micklethwaite, Mr. C. Morse, Sir. T. Moncrieff, Mr. James Round, M.P., Hon. E. Thesiger, Lord Turnour, Col. Taylor, Capt. Tryon, Mr. E. H. L. Willes, and Lord Winterton.

"Let us now take a turn round the ground, and halt beneath the new stand, which I wish some ingenious man could quietly move to the east side, immediately fronting its more solid and senior brother. In America it would be done in a few hours. The present site may suit the ladies, who come to chat, but for a man who wants to see the bowling it is most irritating. Ha! here at the foot of the stairs is Harry Royston, and although it may be like carrying coals to Newcastle I must offer him one of Fribourg and Treyer's last and best. Since the old Oxford days, when we both tumbled into the deep black ditch on Cowley Marsh, after a college match and a wet evening, he is not very much changed, and is nearly as black and tanned as he is cheerful, and immediately begins to put us up to who's who in that laconic style for which he is celebrated. Royston, like the late lamented Herr von Joel at Evans's, seems to be for ever retained on the establishment, and with Tom Hearne is generally engaged as umpire.

"If we continue our stroll round the ground we shall see several hetairæ, as a classical member of the Fourth Estate calls this genus, some mounted on very curious quadrupeds, attended by grooms with stage-property boots and breeches and Champagne-Charley hats. Little do these innocent young persons know the danger they run in riding these very wooden hacks. By-the-way, it's a good thing that horses are not allowed at the Eton and Harrow match, as the riders on that occasion would be in their own and other people's way.

"Having made the tour of the place, and once more reached the public-house where old players most do congregate, and cricket is well talked over, and good, fair, criticism made, we shall see for certain some of the lights of other days. Yes, the first we meet is Dakin, an old Marylebone bowler, brown as a gipsy, and walking to and fro in the most restless style, like a hyæna in a cage. He must have seen a deal of cricket in his time, to say nothing of what he has played. Sitting in the corner, smoking a pipe, is old Tom Barker, so many years umpire; but he is not a fluent talker. Here, again, is Grundy, who was one of our best bowlers, a sure run-getter, and very active, but, like other good old dogs, he's had his day. Here is the immortal little Steevy, who came on the ground in 1830, and looks now just the same as when I first saw Lord's some score years ago, and he used to get me a ball to knock about during dinner-time. There is also Mr. Dark, looking remarkably fresh and well. Here, in a privileged seat by Mr. Day's parlour-window, is a most cheery old gentleman, who, I am firmly persuaded, must live at Lord's, for he has not been missing from his post for the last twenty-five years. He knows all about cricket, and is very fond of it, and I believe has seen every match played here since 1820, and possesses several hundred manuscript books of scores. He is president of a quoit club at Hampstead, but his heart is so with Lord's that I am sure when he cannot walk there he will be driven, and so watch the game until the end of the chapter, when I hope, for his sake, he may be removed to a sphere where there is lots of good cricket. Standing by him, and taking great interest in the game, is the author of 'Box and Cox,' and beyond him again is a man who has given us his experience of 'twenty years in the Church,' and of many more in the cricket-field; but, like the Orator, he is somewhat dogmatical in conversation. Here also is Captain Townley, who was in the Eton eleven in the days of Fellows, Marcon, and George Yonge, the three fastest gentlemen bowlers we ever saw; and near him, if I mistake not, is Ben Land, and a little man very like George Fordham. You may see also Mr. Whitfield, who takes as much interest in cricket as he does in hunting; and Dr. Hurman, from Windsor, overflowing with good humour, and as cheery as if he was just planning a drag-hunt.

"There goes the dinner-bell, and there is a rush back to the Pavilion, as well as to the tavern, to walk into Mr. Day's bitter beer and sandwiches, and then to light just one cigar, where I advise our country cousins to take their luncheon, as a capital spread is really to be had for five shillings, and a seat in the gallery into the bargain, while, as a friend not long ago observed to me, at the new stand, you can only get sandwiches that eat like a mustard-poultice.

"But now we can once more look round and take stock of the crowd by the gateway, where a fresh class of visitors are beginning to make their appearance. First, there are those who have been riding in the Park all the morning and gone home for a bit of luncheon; these are the real swells, who come up to finish their afternoon at Lord's instead of driving in the Park. Then come a lot of barristers who have been breathing foul air at Westminster, who drop into their clubs and then seek Lord's instead of going back to chambers; and last, City men, merchants, and stockbrokers, who run up by the Underground for an hour or so before dinner. As a rule, they are all fond of and understand cricket; many have played themselves; they applaud in the right place, and appreciate a bit of good fielding. Hark! there is a cry of 'Make way there,' at the gate, accompanied by the champing of bits and rattling of pole-chains. Ha! it's Lord Londesborough, who is a very regular attendant, continually driving there in different sorts of vehicles, sometimes two or even three of a-day. He is very keen with the gun and the whip, but I am sorry to say not quite such an enthusiast in the chase as one could wish. Here is a different sort, another Yorkshireman, the jolly master of the Bramham Moor, who handles his hounds as well as he does the ribbons, is a good all-round sportsman, and sits on his box like a workman, not like a tailor on his board, as young Nemo does, who has a drag because he thinks it the thing, but has no idea of how to tool it, and uses his whip somewhat in the fashion a tyro performs with a fly-rod. No, for a workman commend me to the Squire of Bramham Moor; more luck to him. If we come to teams, the new Master of the Quorn's chesnuts will stand comparison with any going; nor must Mr. Morritt, with his old yellow coach and roans, be overlooked. Lord Craven also handles a useful lot, even if the near wheeler is a little plainer than he might be, and shows the marks of irons about his hocks. He takes great delight in cricket, as in all other sport, and I shall never forget seeing him two years ago ride at some impossible rails with the Pytchley, near Cold Ashby, and carry them, post and all, into the next field without a scratch. Lord Skelmersdale also has a team at work, and you may lay long odds that he is not a member of the Anti-Tobacco Society. Mr. Christopher Sykes is driving a pair of neat chesnuts, and that world-renowned rider, Lord Gardner, is here with his daughter; Lord Verulam, who, when Lord Grimston, was a great cricketer, now drives in in a brougham;

and Lord Sefton arrives in a smart mail phaeton, at the same time as does Mr. Serjeant Ballantine, who is followed by the man with the well-curled whiskers that we have seen in Rotten Row and elsewhere. But dinner-time draws on, and we must quit the scene, pleasant as it is."

When next we saw our friend, I Zingari were doing the best they knew to dispose of the Lords and Commons. Mr. Drake was bowling his lobs as dodgy as ever, and the senators were making as much pace between wickets as comported with their years and dignity. Our friend was in full chat with the hero of the hundred books of scores beneath Mr. Day's balcony; and as we dropped quietly into the conversation, we heard of those old times when he, the evergreen, had seen the ancestors of many a now worn-out cricketer making their catches and hitting for four, five, or six at Winchester. Then we see Lord Londesborough pass us in a neat gig, with a clever chesnut, this turn-out being replaced in the afternoon by a phæton and pair; and the son of Melton's oldest and best sportsman passes in a cab drawn by a black brown with superlative action, but whose harness is hung with bells, possibly to drown his own musical propensities. Here, also, driving a clever chesnut in one of the prettiest of T-carts, is Lord Manvers, who always has a neat horse—we should think his lordship is not an easy man to please in horseflesh, but he can afford to be fastidious; it's a rich man's privilege. But as our friend of the wand remarks, this is almost too respectable a match to draw, and we see less crowd than usual around the forms, and we are as much amused with seeing the various drags and carriages get into position for the morrow as anything. Anent one of these some little fun occurred. Steevy, with the aid of a policeman or two, was trying to get it into the allotted place, but found some little difficulty from the men who were, as we once heard a wag say, all helmet and buttons, not seconding his exertions in a very strenuous manner. "I would not give three-halfpence," said he, appealing to us afterwards, "for a soldier or a policeman for work, but I can make something out of a good old Jack Tar." Meanwhile we see Lord Coventry run out, where, as he justly observed, there was no run at all, and note that the ground is so dry that the lines of the drains show up through the turf. It also strikes us that the *Echo* boys have a capital and profitable time of it, as their papers are sold, and nearly always thrown down when read or pretended to be, so that they pick them up and start again. Another thing has struck us, and that is the hereditary sing-song of the small boys who sell cards, their invariable chant being, "Card o' the match, gentlemell;" but our notes of the Lords and Commons v. I Zingari are expended, and, save to say that we meet the owner of Salamander and Shangarry looking on as we are about to leave, we must hasten on to the great cricket carnival of the year, the Eton and Harrow match.

As we enter the ground on that morning, great is the change since we left it the night before; the ring of carriages and drags, then partially formed, is now complete, and within it is such a belt of beauty, dress, and fashion as would put Ascot or Goodwood itself to the blush, though, as far as the ladies' toilets are concerned, we must enter a protest against the great ugly bar-shoes and buckles, which spoil any pretty little foot in the world. By-the-way, were any innocent countryman to ask which is the beau, and which is the demi-monde, he may well receive the old showman's answer—whichever you like—as far as externals are concerned, for the beau-monde not only powder and paint, but do up their eyes and eyebrows in the harem style, which give them a horrible appearance; not but it must be confessed that a London season plays old Harry with women in high life, and the greater part begin to look already as if a turn-out in the country and early hours would do them a deal of good. Here we saw also the British parson having one of his annual larks; but why, in the name of goodness, cannot he dress like any other respectable English gentleman? Why should the parson of the period put on his head a thing like a badly-turned-out beef-steak pudding, and which looks as if he lived in it by night as well as by day? Formerly he dressed like a gentleman; but now the don of the day turns out a rare figure. It cannot be from poverty: is it from vanity? One half of the company on an Eton and Harrow day, do not care to see, and the other half cannot, while the great occupation of the majority appears to consist of flirting, and eating and drinking, so that were this part of the entertainment abolished, not half the people would come. The howling that takes place is senseless in the extreme, and the criticism a mere question of lungs. Should the tide which has set in in favour of these matches prove as evanescent as in many other things, it will be a boon to the real lover of the game, whose life is on such occasions rendered a burthen to him by the crush and crowd, so that he looks back with regret to the old school matches which were an endless delight to public school men, especially the London residents. We speak of the days when Winchester took part in them, and was known and recognised as an old public school before it had retired into obscurity, and been reduced to the level of a private establishment. Then there was shouting, and the voice of one "Jarvey" was heard all over the ground. The crowds have now spoilt all this; and old friends who are anxious to meet on these occasions cannot find each other, as locomotion is impossible; and the true game even is not now played. Mingling once more with the crowd, we notice more clerical gentlemen, whom our friend informs us he remembers as players in the university and public school matches; while he also points out a Roman Catholic priest, who has an old Oxford look about him, as a regular attendant, and must have witnessed matches innumerable. Then he drops in with a friend from the country, who is *laudator temporis acti*, but agrees with him entirely that Mr. Grace is by far the best all-round cricketer they have ever seen; and then the conversation drops back to former heroes. "Where is old Charley Brown, of Nottingham, who could bowl out nearly any man behind his back? Is he astonishing the natives of some other sphere, as he did the yokels of the earth?" Where again is old Jemmy Dean, so many years M.C.C. bowler? John Lillywhite has had to let out his waistcoat, and hang up the bat he used so well; but he stands umpire a good deal during the season, and is, we hear, a frequent visitor at Southgate when it is over. Poor Tom Lockyer is no more, and George Parr has come to life again, after committing professional suicide. H. H. Stephenson sticks to the Duc D'Aumale's harriers, and has a jolly time; Wisden, whom our friend remembers as a small boy on the Brighton ground, is now a podgy little man, and no country cousin would believe in his being the best cut-and-come-again bowler of his day, though now we are sorry to see that he goes a little short from rheumatism. Caffin, one of the best all-round professionals we ever saw, is cutting and curling in Australia. Ah! here comes Griffith, who is immediately hailed as Ben, and asked what he will take; and it is superfluous to say that the party on hospitable thoughts intent is a Surrey man. But our friend of the wand proposes an adjournment before the general rush to leave commences, when it is evident that Eton are the victors; but pulls us up suddenly on our way to the gate, and, pointing to two men standing shoulder to shoulder hard by, remarks, "That will show you the mixed character of the company: there is the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and the other is Mr. H. G. Brooks, now president of the Judge and Jury in Leicester Square." Satisfied with this contrast, we turn our back once more on Lord's, well satisfied with the amusement a day or two's lounge there has afforded us.—*Baily's Magazine*.

THE CANTERBURY WEEK.

1,928 were scored in the six days' cricket, and as 85 wickets went down in that time, the average of the week's hitting is a trifle over 22 runs per wicket. Three matches were commenced, but only one played out. The first match, played by perhaps the two best batting elevens that have been got together in one match for several seasons, occupied three days, so many as 974 runs being scored for the loss of 36 wickets; the South, when the stumps were finally drawn, wanted 55 runs to win, with four wickets to go down. It was the "opinion" of many that had the match been played out the South would have won; *if* so, all we have to say is, the South deservedly lost for not keeping "time" in commencing play on the first and second days; but it was a splendid contest, finely played; for better cricket than that displayed in this match cannot well be witnessed. The second match (twelve a-side) was played out and won by M.C.C. with ten wickets in hand, 456 runs being scored for the 34 wickets down, Mr. Mitchell's 51 being the highest individual score in the match, wherein Mr. Cobden had twelve Kent wickets with his fast bowling, that in this match at times broke back very destructively. Willsher bowled well: considering the work he goes through weekly, and the years he has been pounding away at wickets, he bowls wondrously well. He had six wickets in the first innings of M.C.C., bowling 48 overs (32 maidens) for 36 runs and the six wickets; and in the second innings he bowled equally well the short time he was on. Mr. Grace was in form in the second innings of this match: he and Mr. Walker won the match hand over hand for the old club. Mr. Grace's leg-hit down to near the entrance gate, and Mr. Thornton's huge hit being the batting features of the second day's play. In the third match they scored 498 runs for the loss of only fifteen wickets, Kent having a majority of 11 runs and five wickets when time was up for this year's "week." Every man of Kent that batted in that match scored doubles; and how much the "bat beat the ball" in that partly-played match can be estimated from the fact that, of the fifteen men out, one played an innings of 80 runs, another scored 64, another 62, another 61, another 43, and five others made double figures; and, in addition to these, one carried his bat out for 63. In fact, the average was 33 runs per wicket—a sure proof of weak bowling—and yet in this match Mr. Mitchell was bowled for a single, whereas in the first match he scored 88 and 37. But such is the uncertainty of the fine old game—one day, against good bowling, a man scores only twelve less than a century of runs: another day he is out for "next door to a duck."

In the six days 85 wickets went down: of these the number "bowled" was 29. Willsher (played in two matches) had thirteen wickets, five bowled: and Mr. Cobden (in two matches) also had thirteen wickets, nine of which were "bowled."

Mr. Thornton played in the three matches, and scored innings of 48, 41 not out, 0, 45, and 63 not out. Mr. Mitchell played in the three matches, his four innings totalled 88, 37, 51, and 1. Mr. Yardley also played in the three matches, his innings being 68, 41, 4, 12, and 43. And in the three matches Mr. Ottaway played he made the following five innings: 20, 2, 1, 18, and 29. The highest innings played by a side during the week was the 278 scored by the North, and the largest individual innings hit in the six days' cricket was Mr. Mitchell's 88 for the North. The improvements on the ground, and of the approaches thereto were manifestly excellent, and won praise from all classes of visitors, the wickets deservedly obtaining the good word of all cricketers. The weather—barring the thin rainfalls on Monday, and the drenching showers on Wednesday—was favourably fine, the two great days (Tuesday and Thursday) being favoured by a bright sunlight that set off the picturesque ground, and its genial and pleasant surroundings to the utmost advantage. The attendances each day exceeded those of preceding "weeks," the brilliant and influential gathering on "the Ladies' Day" numbering some 7,000; and those who ought to know stated there were over 300 vehicles on the ground that day. "The Tent of Hospitality" of the officers of the Depôt was throughout the week largely patronised by the gentry of the county, the fair friends of the courteous hosts, and the amateur cricketers. The bands of the East Kent Militia, and the 19th Hussars attended on alternate days throughout the week, and on each day there was a good show of those A1 appointed four-in-hand drags for which "the week" at St. Lawrence is so celebrated; they were not unhorsed, clustered together in a lump, and immoveable, as at Lord's on Eton and Harrow days, but ever and anon they were driven around the ground, thereby adding materially to this gay, pleasing, peaceful picture of English outdoor country life in summer, which is witnessed on no other cricket ground in such completeness and perfection as at St. Lawrence during the Canterbury Cricket Week.

FUN OF THE DAY.

(From *Punch*.)

GERMANS, GREAT AND SMALL.—In consequence of the war now raging between the two chief military nations of Europe, there will be, it is feared, a scarcity of German sausages. But, on the contrary, the probability is that we shall have a glut of them. Recollect that the troops engaged on both sides will include cavalry.

IMPUDENCE AND ASSURANCE.—Mrs. Partington considers that a shipowner as would supply an enemy with coals shows he is just the sort of party as would skuttle a vessel of his own. She has not studied the question of contraband, but her instinct is right.

(From *Judy*.)

A French lady's son has just been appointed surgeon to one of the regiments *en route* for the frontier. His mother's last request was that, if he found his treatment killed more than it cured, he should go over to the Prussians and doctor them.

Properly speaking, there should only be one B in Busses. Most certainly there are at least six other B's you ought never to find in them; that is to say, Bags, Boxes, Bundles, Bow-wows, Babies, and Big fat people in sultry weather.

(From *Punch and Judy*.)

VERY LIKELY.—All youths in Prussia, not even excepting princes of the blood, are taught some trade or other. Two at least have proved themselves to have been brought up as "French-*polishers!*"

"I'm sorry to have to disagree with you," as the Welsh rabbit said to the dyspeptic old gentleman, who *would* eat him.

(From *Will o'-the-Wisp*.)

When is a woman like a ship?—When she avoids the needles.

By Mrs. Partington.—"What a mussy, as I always are a-saying, that your 'opefuls wasn't born in Paris, as I 'ear that a boy in them parts is always a *gamin*."

"Let me have men about me who drink wine," says Cæsar, "for it only wants T to make reasonable men treasonable."

OUR PRIZE RHYMES.

PRIZE WORD—No. XLIV.—GOSLING.

First—

I could not, for my life, decide
If it were ling or herring fried.
"Smell it again," he said, "you gosling."
I did. Beyond all doubt it *was* ling.

PISCIS.

"Ride si sapis."

Downy gosling
On the loose,
Nibbling, nuzzling,
Sucking goose,
Dreaming Christmas
Far away
As "the Isthmus"*
Paying day.
Soyers scorning,
Always right:
Ever morning,
Never night.
Oh! thou sucking
Goose, beware!
Stuffing, plucking—
Cook stands there.

Downy "Boz"-ling!
Would'st thou stand
Authors' jostling
In the Strand;
Make no bad spill—
"Take" in Fleet—†
Own a "*Gadskill*"
Snug retreat?
Youthful "Boz"-ling,
Prithee, hear!
With the jostling
Persevere;
Be no gosling,
Sucking goose,
Dreaming, nuzzling,
On the loose.

BARNEY'S SEE.

* Suez. † Fleet Street—not the prison.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. L. B.—We cannot say at present. In the course of next week we shall hope to be able to give you and others the desired information.

X. X. X.—Your mission seems rather to chronicle small-beer.

Grace.—We cannot say we feel thankful for having received you.

THE THEATRES—This Evening.

Olympic.—Old Gooseberry—Little Em'ly—Undine. Seven.
Strand.—Kind to a Fault—The Pilgrim of Love. Half-past Seven.
New Queen's.—My Wife's Dentist—'Twixt Axe and Crown. Seven.
Vaudeville.—Cupboard Love—Two Roses—Don Carlos. Half-past Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1870.

THE fatal accident which has just taken place on Mont Blanc recalls in some of its particulars the shocking occurrence in another part of Switzerland which thrilled us so painfully some eight or ten years ago. The death of the young bride, who was slain almost by her husband's side while on her wedding tour by a flash of lightning, will ever be remembered for its romantic pathos. Another bride has now been overwhelmed by an equally sudden death. Mrs. Marke, who had been two months married, her husband, and a young lady friend, had started on an ascent of the mountain with three guides. They reached the summit of Le Corridor in safety, but then the state of the weather made it doubtful whether they could procced. Mr. Marke went forward to reconnoitre, leaving the ladies and the third guide to wait a quarter of an hour for his return. The ladies got cold, however, and began to descend before the others came back. They had only got a little way, when Mrs. Marke and the guide on whose arm she was leaning suddenly fell through the rotten snow covering a crevasse. They were roped together, but close to one another as they were this protection availed them nothing. The rope broke behind them, fortunately for the young lady, or she also whould have been dragged into the abyss. Directly afterwards the husband and the two other guides came up, but all their efforts and all subsequent search proved fruitless. The two months of that brief marriage had come to an end, and the young bride had been swallowed up irrevocably, and for ever, by the icy mountain. A few minutes before, her husband had parted with her in the midst of the exhilarating enjoyment of their excursion, careful even to know whether the breeze that seemed to be increasing would make it hazardous for him to take her further; and before he could return to her over the few hundred yards of snowy surface which separated them, she had disappeared into a dark blue fathomless grave, in which it was as vain to seek even for a relic of her, as if she had been lost in mid-ocean. It would not have softened the blow for her husband in any manner worth speaking of, if she had been killed by some more commonplace accident, which had left him in possession of her lifeless body; but it is easy to understand how the awful mystery of the fate to which she has fallen a victim must seem to enhance his grief. The terribly beautiful peaks and glaciers of Switzerland do, indeed, from time to time, demand sacrifices on their altars for which the pleasure of those who succeed in worshipping them safely hardly seems a compensation.

The passenger in cab or omnibus, going from the West-end to the City *viâ* Holborn, suddenly finds himself for a few brief minutes passing over a smooth noiseless pavement, which, after the jolting and the clatter to which he has been subjected, is as refreshing as an oasis to the traveller of the desert. A large board, affixed at either end of this isthmus, informs him that he owes this brief respite from his woes to a "Patent Asphalt Company," but whether the asphalt has been laid down by the company or by the local authorities is not stated. In either case we would recommend that the public should be given further opportunities to test this new pavement, by its being experimentally laid down in sections of several of our main streets. In Paris there are noiseless thoroughfares, as smooth as bowling-greens, but these are very expensive to keep in good order; in New York an attempt to produce the same results failed last autumn, because the material used was found unfit to bear the wear and tear of the traffic of a city. Vested interests will always oppose change, and in all that regards the paving of our streets they are probably so strong that the local authorities will be unable to cope with them unless the public interferes. It is very possible that the "patent asphalt" may be too expensive to come into general use, and it may be that it lacks the element of durability; but that it is smooth and noiseless all who have passed over it in Holborn can vouch. We welcome anything that promises an immunity from the noise which now renders many streets positively unendurable, and which obliges the inhabitants of the houses living there either to be stifled by keeping their windows closed during the hottest weather, or to shout whenever they have occasion to make a remark. A Fleet-street in which two human beings can hear each other speak without bawling, and along which omnibuses and cabs glide as noiselessly as gondolas in Venice, would be as different from the Fleet-street of to-day as that is from the Silent Highway of the river. To be able to drive from one end of London to another without jolt, noise, or rattle, will increase the happiness of above a million of human beings, and the man who can enable us to realise this delicious dream is more worthy of a statue than he who wins a battle. By all means, therefore, let every material which promises so desirable a result be given a fair and honest trial.

Local elections often make more noise and excite bitterer feelings than imperial elections; and sometimes they are hardly less important. The chairmanship of the Metropolitan Board of Works, which the death of Sir John Thwaites has made vacant, is certainly as responsible an office as a seat in Parliament for a great borough; many people would place it on a par with all but the chief places in the Ministry; and, at least, the election is certain to make much noise and excitement. Sir William Fraser, the head of the City Police, is said to be a candidate; Mr. Ayrton, it is hinted, might be persuaded to resign his place as First Commissioner of Works, if he were appointed; Mr. Bouverie, Mr. Gilpin, and other more or less known men, are mentioned as possible candidates. No doubt a good chairman might be chosen from among these gentlemen, but, at any rate, a good chairman must be had. We want an English Haussmann. We want a man with a horror of places which offend the eye by their ugliness, which breed disease, or force people who are going from one part of London to another to take roundabout ways. A model chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works would hate the Seven Dials as the French hate the Prussians; would declare war upon that nest of fever, that rookery of vice; would smite down the houses by the dozen, run broad streets through the modern Alsatia, let daylight into the filthy alleys, and scatter to the four winds the regiment of sin and crime. He would link Holborn and Oxford-street with Fleet-street and the Strand by a series of Haussmann-like thoroughfares. Until he had given London the first requisites of cleanliness and health, he would be ruthless in his demands on the ratepayers, and as deaf to their protests as a surgeon would be to the groans of the patient from whom he is cutting off a diseased limb. Then our Haussmann might begin to hold his hand. He should be required to look tenderly after the rates only when the time had come to beautify London. Beauty has an insatiable maw for money, and eats up thousands of pounds as calmly as utility eats up pence; and, in order to get fine buildings, her votaries would rob the public like a gang of brigands. But, so long as the chairman kept within the limits of the useful, he might wisely be allowed to play the part of a despot. And he should, of course, be a man who could overawe the whole Board, could frown down opposition, and demolish with words of indignation any member who displayed "an ignorant impatience of taxation." For a few years London could easily bear his tyranny. And then, after he had cleansed her, given her new streets, and banished fever from her courts, London could easily overthrow her Haussmann, and put a mild agent of incapacity and economy in his place. Meanwhile London would have found out that a Haussmann-like liberality of expenditure on her streets ensured the truest economy in the long run.

When the recent Bankruptcy Act was passed, it was hoped the systematic defrauding of creditors by insolvent debtors would be one of the abuses most speedily brought to an end. If a case decided at the Old Bailey on Wednesday is to be taken as a fair illustration of what used to go on under Lord Westbury's Act, it is clear that the reform effected by the new measure did not come a moment too soon. Three men, named Banks, Harris, and Lawrence, were indicted for conspiring to obtain money under false pretences, and after much evidence had been taken, they were all found guilty, and condemned to eighteen months' imprisonment, with hard labour. Their offence was, on the whole, beautifully simple, consisting of a double misdemeanour—first, against the provisions of the old Bankruptcy Act, by means of what Mr. Baron Martin called a false lawsuit; and secondly, against the common law, by a barefaced swindle perpetrated upon the Society for the Relief of Poor Debtors. In view of the new Bankruptcy code's coming into operation on the 1st of January last, there was a rush of bankrupts to take the benefit of the old law, as one less stringent in its bearings on defaulters; and certain agents, calling themselves accountants and solicitors, applied themselves to the task of making the passage "through the Court" as smooth as possible. For that purpose there appears to have been a regular machinery in operation. Debtors in difficulties, with just a few pounds in hand, were induced to put themselves in the hands of the so-called "accountant;" an admission of a debt that was never owing, a "consent to judgment" at the hands of a supposed creditor, a collusive arrest, and a petition to be adjudicated bankrupt then followed; the process ending in a peaceful passage through Basinghall-street, and a "final discharge." So easy a deliverance from a burden of liability, would, one might have thought, have been enough. But the conspiracy had yet another object. Each of the bankrupts in the three cases mentioned on Wednesday had pleaded *in formâ pauperis*. Now there exists a very worthy society for the special relief of such debtors after they have emerged from Whitecross-street, and to that body the discharged bankrupts applied for a donation. One of them, if not two, actually received £50 from that source, and gave a share of his booty to the ingenious "accountant" who had shown him the way to get it. Thus a clear release from old debts and a handsome gift from a victimised society were the rewards of a few false statements, a few dicers' oaths, and a little convenient hypocrisy. No one will regret the punishment now inflicted, and it is satisfactory to think that the new law, whether it work well or not, will at least not offer a premium to deception and perjury.

London Lyrics.

No. 35.

I.

And so thou hast been forced to learn
The pangs of love despised,
And thou hast seen thy idol spurn
The heart that once he prized;

II.

And flatterers have their falsehood shown,
And friends have proved untrue,
And hopeless, homeless, and alone,
Thy heart is breaking too!

III.

And thou hast come to ask of me—
Of me so hardly used—
That word of kindly sympathy
By all the world refused!

IV.

Oh! vainly had affliction brought
My earthly hopes so low,
If I had not, thank Heaven, been taught
To feel another's woe.

V.

'Tis not for me to judge thy sin—
My faults are not so few
But that, whatever thou hast been,
I need forgiveness too.

VI.

Let others scorn thy fallen state,
Reject thee as they will;
Defenceless, poor, and desolate,
One home awaits thee still.

VII.

One human heart that is not steeled,
One pitying, sorrowing breast,
Where, till thy bleeding wounds be healed,
Thy aching head shall rest.

VIII.

Till Time's assuaging power hath soothed
The memories of the past,
And Love with tender hand hath smoothed
The lot before thee cast.

IX.

And then, when I have striven to show
Such comfort as I may,
Refreshed and strengthened thou shalt go
In peace upon thy way.

X.

Forgetting all the world hath done,
Forgiving all it can,
And blest to think thy Judge is one
More merciful than man!

The Man in the Stalls.

THE approaching festival at Hereford takes place on August 23rd, 24th, 25th, and 26th, a few days before the Birmingham musical meeting. Mdlle. Titiens, Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Sinico, Madame Patey, Miss Marion Severn, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Mr. Santley are the vocalists engaged, Mr. Townshend Smith officiating as conductor. There will be full choral service daily in the Cathedral, where also will be given, on Tuesday at one o'clock, *Elijah*, and in the evening at eight, parts 1 and 2 of the *Creation*, and Mr. Barnaby's *Rebekah*. This evening performance in the sacred edifice has excited much controversy. The advocates of the innovation contend that it will be convenient to visitors, and especially so to ladies, who will thus be able to be present without change of dress from that worn at the morning performance, evening dress being inadmissible at the Cathedral. Apart from such a purely utilitarian consideration, the locality is one in which such music will be heard to the best advantage, as well as being the most appropriate that could be chosen for an occasion when art is made to serve the cause of charity. On Wednesday, at 11.30, Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, Spohr's *Last Judgment*, and Mozart's *Twelfth Service* will be given. On Thursday, Mendelssohn's Reformation Symphony—also a novelty in a cathedral, *Christus*, and 42nd Psalm, Holmes's Cantata, and selection from Handel. On Friday, at 11.30, Handel's *Messiah*. We venture to predict that these Wednesday and Thursday morning performances will be found somewhat lengthy. Concerts will be given in the Shire Hall on the Wednesday and Thursday evenings, the programmes of which will include Beethoven's Symphony in B flat, Arthur Sullivan's overture *In Memoriam*, Weber's overture to *Oberon*, Rossini's *Semiramide*, &c. A Chamber Concert is to take place on Friday evening. Compared with the extensive arrangements made for the Birmingham Festival, the doings at Hereford are limited. The performances at the latter, nevertheless, have intrinsic interest perhaps even more attractive to connoisseurs than the more pretentious announcements put forth by the musical *entrepreneurs* in the capital of the black country. Sacred music can nowhere be listened to under such favourable circumstances as in a cathedral, and this fact alone will render a visit to Hereford during the present month most enjoyable.

The preliminary rehearsals for the Birmingham Festival took place last week in St. George's Hall. Mr. Benedict's new oratorio, *St. Peter*, is the most important novelty in the scheme of performances. It promises, moreover, to be the most important work of the composer. It consists of some fifty-four pieces, including an orchestral interlude of remarkable beauty. The choruses are effective, especially that which concludes the first part, "Praise ye the Lord," a well-developed and capitally-constructed composition. The first chorus, "They that go down to the sea," is also very impressive, and great success may be anticipated for a splendidly-dramatic piece, "They are all revolters." The solos and concerted numbers are admirably written, many producing at rehearsal a decided sensation. Among them may be mentioned a soprano aria, sung by Mdlle. Titiens, with chorus, "The Lord hath His way;" a pathetic air, for Madame Patey, "O thou afflicted," and the music of the *rôle* allotted to Mr. Santley. Mr. Sims Reeves being absent from rehearsal, it was not possible to say how far the tenor part suits the popular singer, although, judging by Mr. Benedict's facility in writing appropriately for particular voices, it may be reasonably expected that in this instance he has succeeded as usual. As a whole, *St. Peter* is evidently worthy the great reputation Mr. Benedict has achieved. Since 1834, when the composer first came to London, at the invitation of Malibran, his career has been remarkable for its amazing energy and indomitable ardour. Natural talents of rare excellence, combined with extraordinary industry and perseverance, have acquired for Mr. Benedict a name as eminent as it is respected. Whatever he has hitherto undertaken has been always conscientiously carried out. His simplest compositions, as well as his most elaborate works, show evidence of the greatest artistic care and refinement in their handling, and the same remark applies with equal force to his other musical doings, all operas, concerts, and festivals, whenever under his direction, being managed and conducted with a vigilance and assiduity that have left nothing to be desired. In heartily wishing Mr. Benedict success in the performance of his *St. Peter*, which may be looked upon as a test-work in the highest order of musical composition, we express a feeling that must be shared by a very large majority of the community, and by all who have had any dealings with the accomplished maestro. Another novelty announced at the Birmingham Festival is Ferdinand Hiller's *Nala and Damayanti*, the poem being founded on a Hindu legend of great antiquity. The subject offers much opportunity for musical colouring or tone-painting, and should excite the imagination of a creative musician in every respect most favourably. Professor Stewart, J. F. Barnett, and Arthur Sullivan are, as we have already mentioned, the other composers who have received commissions from the Festival Committee, and who will have new works performed at Birmingham.

A sad item of news comes from Paris. A son of the baritone Tamburini has committed suicide, having sustained heavy losses on the Bourse, where he held the responsible position of an Agent de Change. The weapon used was a six-chamber revolver, fully charged. Each barrel was fired deliberately; the deceased, nevertheless, survived his rash act two hours. He was a married man, his wife being a granddaughter of the famous singing master, Bordogni. The whole of Tamburini's fortune is said to have been involved in the unfortunate speculations which brought about this terrible catastrophe. Gardoni, who is married to a daughter of the veteran singer, has amassed a large sum of money, which remains intact. Tamburini will be remembered by old *habitués* of the opera as a very excellent artist, and one whose absence from Her Majesty's Theatre for a short time some years ago was the cause of the most serious disturbances that ever occurred within the walls of any fashionable place of amusement. For him, Grisi, Lablache, and Mario, *Don Pasquale* was composed; he was also in the original cast of the *Puritani*. He is now upwards of seventy years of age, and has latterly led the tranquil life of a *flâneur* on the Boulevards, where he could always be found in sunny weather, sauntering quietly to and fro with his hands behind him, evidently enjoying the *dolce far niente* of existence, thoroughly and philosophically. Invariably kind and courteous in his social relations, the affliction which has overtaken Tamburini so suddenly will cause heartfelt regret to all who have ever had the privilege of his acquaintance.

The Grumbler.

EDUCATIONAL progress, and rapid march of civilisation during the nineteenth century—humbug! don't talk such nonsense. Educational progress! yes, if the adding up of human units into companies, forming them into regiments, and dividing them into brigades, and corps-d'armées, requires arithmetical knowledge, certainly some progress has latterly been made, and the schoolmaster is indeed stalking, rod in hand, abroad. March of civilisation, indeed! Yes, if the rapid march of half a million Germans, and the retreat of another five hundred thousand Frenchman to Paris, marking every foot of the way with the bloody corpse of some poor innocent citizen, or industrious peasant, and leaving heaps of dead, dying, and wounded, to mark full stops or notes of admiration, be civilisation's handiwork. Shut up for ever the Temple of Janus, for, by Bellona and her brother Mars, the march is indeed a rapid one, and civilisation a bloody business. Must ever be wars—must there? Well, I suppose there must, so long as Emperors, Kings, Queens, and Governments, are indulged in such costly, dangerous, and sharp-edged playthings as Great Armies. Bah! it is simply horrible—shocking, nay, disgusting, when one thinks of the impatience with which we anticipate the last Special Edition, with Latest News—Great Battle—Tremendous Loss on Both Sides—Two Generals Killed—Four Wounded—2,000 Prisoners—Dead and Wounded *incalculable*—Five Cannons taken and Two Eagles—Both Sides Claim the Victory!!! Ah! well may "little Wilhelmine look up with wonder-working eyes," and Peterkin inquire, "What good came of it at last?" but who is there that will not say, "It was a famous victory!" Why, both sides, of course. Ah, will they? then hear what I say, that there is some philosophy in poor Jeanette's simple wish, when, with the corner of her apron to her eyes, she gave utterance to the longing, "That those who make the quarrels be the only ones to fight." Nay, more, that despite all the arguments of Smith, Jones, Brown, and Robinson, heart and soul do I agree with the immortal Ezekiah Biglow, whose lines I cannot resist quoting:—

"Ez for war, I call it murder,
There you have it plain and flat;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testyment for that;
God hez said so plump and fairly,
It 's ez long ez it is broad,
And you 've got to get up airly
Ef you want to take in God.
Wuts the use o' meeting-going,
Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
Ef it 's right to go a-mowin'
Feller men like oats an' rye.

I dunno but what it's pooty,
Trainin' round in bob-tail coats,
But it 's curus Christian dooty,
This 'ere cutting folks' throats.
Tell ye just the eend I 've come to,
Arter cipherin' plaguy smart,
An' it makes a handy sum, tu,
Any gump could larn by heart;
Labourin' man and labourin' woman,
Hev one glory and one shame;
Ev'ry thing that 's done inhuman
Injers all on 'em the same."

Still, the war has commenced! Yes, in right good earnest; and a pretty practice there is already for the army surgeons, and great activity in the surgical instrument trade all over the world. Why do I make all this fuss, for, anyhow, we are not in it? Well, I know we are not—but no one knows how soon we may. Impossible, for the Queen has gone to Balmoral—three days' journey from any of her ministers. Has she? Well, I'm very glad to hear it, and the farther she gets away from this horrid war-catching epidemic the better. You don't know that—don't you? Well, then, I suppose you are touched—tainted, I should say, with the prevailing malady—the raging epidemic. First symptoms: a craving for news—feverish haste, accompanied by desire to go to the front of either army, where you are not wanted, and, unfortunately, won't be admitted (or your malady might be got rid of altogether, and that sooner than you could believe). Second stage: delirious talking about strategetic movements—massing of troops—and insatiate and extravagant purchasing of elaborate, cheap, and ineorrect maps of France, which, *en paraphrase*, 'tis a pity you had not studied before with more mercantile benefit than insane warlike views, and learnt that Luxemburg the neutral does not belong to Prussia, but to Holland. Third, and almost fatal stage: wild talking, with feverish pulse, of England's greatness—necessity for immediately taking up the position she ought; ravings of forthwith sending troops to Belgium to guarantee the fulfilment of our Treaty—and all nonsense. Why, only last night, again, I returned by the Poormansworth Express—this time by second-class, for the only first-class smoking-compartment was full; and, indeed, having no return-ticket, and having wildly indulged in an eighteen-penny fare, and remembering Mrs. Growler, early in the morning, had told me bread had gone up a penny and bacon twopence in consequence of the war, and that the washerwoman had brought home my shirts, and wanted—well, never mind what,—I thought it best to save 3*d.*, and return second-class. Well, in I got: the porters always—from habit, I expect—touch their hats to me; so Thompson, who alone occupied the compartment, and who I know well, though he don't know me, took me for a swell—evidently, as I insinuated, from the porter's obliging and gratuitous—in every sense of the word—civility. Now, Thompson really is a clever fellow—at least, every one says so—though, honestly, I think him a fool. Well, his mother—and she ought to have known—always said he would have been Lord Chancellor; and no doubt he might, if he had had brains; but his mother would never consent to his going to the Bar, for she could not endure the idea of that handsome, unmeaning, stupid-looking head being graced by a wig. His father never would allow him to enter the Army, for, he truthfully said, such a service was no fit occupation for an idle, dissipated, always-drawing-bills disposed youth. Father and mother both rejected mercantile pursuits—being far too low for their son; though papa Thompson had made every shilling they possessed (and they were not few, before Thompson, junior, so rapidly and indiscriminately dissipated them) in the respectable business of ship chandler. Well, to return to Thompson, who, to this hour, has never made an honest shilling in his life, or done one human thing worthy of remembrance—except saying that the chandlery business must have been good, for he had always found the dips he made into the old gentleman's pocket melted like wax. Well, Thompson told me last night that there was nothing for it now but for the Government to send over fifty thousand troops directly to Belgium. Call out all the volunteers. "Let," said he, "Government give out, say next Monday week, that an invasion is about to take place on our shores; say at Dover and Herne Bay—let us then see where our commissariat is, and what it has been about since the Crimea. Let there be, say one hundred and fifty thousand men sent to Dover, and let the single policeman now on duty at Herne Bay be reinforced by two hundred thousand regulars, militia, and volunteers, and rations be gratuitously supplied them for one week. Cigars, tobacco, and bitter, *ad libitum*, of course, and then let us see where England is, and would be, in the event of a war." "You don't pay any taxes, I believe, Mr. Thompson?" "No, I don't," said he; "I'm a mere lodger," "Oh, you are, are you? well, I am not." I did not think it worth while to tell him I had a small note from Somerset House, that Mrs. Growler had given me in the morning, the gist of which was some eight pounds odd, and something about one quarter, and immediate payment. "Bosh! it 's all bosh," continued Mr. Thompson. "Now, I'll just tell you what *we* should do. Vote at once eight hundred millions—we shall have to do it at last. Why, the great wars with Napoleon cost us nearly that sum. So better, as I say, be prepared, and down with the dust. Then just increase our army to five hundred thousand men—or double the number of what we have at present—and then order, say a couple of thousand first-class iron-clads, let them all be moored a cable's length apart right round the island, with a mitraileuse on the heights between each, and then see who would attempt to go to war with us." "Ah! that is your opinion, Mr. Thompson, is it," said I? "Most certainly," he replied. "Well, then, I will just tell you what mine is: that if you are so anxious for the glory of war, and so utterly regardless of its expense and cost, pray do set at once to work, and induce all your intimate idle connections to do the same, and, having realised something representing capital, present it to the country as a nest egg; and when sufficient are laid—and, heaven knows, it will be centuries hence—when we have enough for a setting—then let us call back the Queen from Balmoral, if we have one in those days, and go to war; but to war, not for aggrandisement, not from false views of wounded pride, nor ambition left us by *effete* and long-buried animosities, but for the real *but* of all educational progress, the march of real civilisation, which can only culminate in human happiness, but not by blood and war. Good night, Mr. Thompson."

The Turf.

STILL does the Continental war occupy the public mind to the exclusion of every other topic. This direful calamity, which, for a few persons's aggrandizement, is depopulating the fairest country in Europe, and throwing back civilization half a century, has already brought about the withdrawal of the chief fixtures in France and Germany. The meetings at Chalons, Bourges, Moulins, Baden, Strasbourg, and others of lesser importance, have been abandoned. The Salon des Courses is closed. May we soon be able to chronicle the Temple of Janus shut.

The weeding out of Mr. Elyott Bower's stud only brought a miserable pittance, owing to the great depression of the times, the only noteworthy feature being the sale of the vaunted Wild Oats, who, it will be remembered, ran a dead heat with Pero Gomez for the Criterion, and became, in consequence, a great favourite for the Two Thousand Guineas. His leg afterwards filled, and, though he will probably make a valuable stud-horse, he was bought at Tattersall's, on Monday, for 175 guineas.

The St. Leger betting has undergone some variation since our last issue. Macgregor, after much knocking about, has receded to 100 to 8, while Sunlight, although having for a time advanced, does not seem at this moment a much better favourite; and we fear, if Mr. Merry's hopes are pinned to this currish son of Stockwell, there is but slight chance of the Leger of 1870 being credited to Russley. It is probable, however, that we shall have a taste of his quality at York, after which we shall be better able to judge whether he is likely to lower the colours of Lord Falmouth's colt at Doncaster. At the time of writing, Newmarket swears by the favourite, who does his work in his usual grand sweeping style, and promises to be backed against the field before the flag falls. With Macgregor *hors de combat*, it certainly does not appear two to one against him for the September event.

With Mr. Cragg's crack meeting at Stockton this week, and the York August to follow, the Northerners will have had a fruitful fortnight. The 1900 sovs. added money will bring many first-class horses to the post on Knavesmire, and we shall probably be introduced to one or two youngsters quite capable of maintaining the prestige of the northern stables. The Ebor Handicap is run on Wednesday next. The merits of the chief horses we discussed last week, since which, as we anticipated, Myosotis has been dethroned, and 100 to 7 is now taken about her chance. Myosotis, as we expected, has become first favourite, and has been supported for large sums from the right quarter. Indeed, we believe he has been backed for more money than anything in the race, some of which has been thrown away on Lord Zetland's mare from the bungling nomenclature. Blandford now stands at 9 to 1, a price at which we do not believe in his success, whatever tactics are employed. Good Hope, by his utter failure to beat the field in the Stockton Handicap, has obliterated his chance for his more important engagement at York, and the hopes of the stable are now confined to Lord Hawthorn, who, upon his best running, must be dangerous here; having gone doubtfully in the betting early in the week, he has since returned to 100 to 12, and the last bets we can find recorded, are at 7 to 1, a price at which we look in vain for a more reliable candidate, remembering well his dead-heat last year with Ploughboy for the Great Northern Handicap, at a difference of 2lb against 31lb due to him at weight-for-age scale. He must be considered leniently treated at 7st 11lb, and, fit at the post, whatever beats him will be credited with the York prize. Torreador has met with many friends, but not advanced in the price current, nor has his defeat by Barrier in the Great Northern Leger, on Thursday, reassured his friends, though the victory of Agility over her old rival, Falkland, gave Torreador a momentary advance. We think the Knavesmire course, and the extra half-mile will suit the son of Piccador better than the Leger course at Stockton. For the other candidates' chances we refer to our notes last week, still adhering to our first selection, Lord Hawthorn (*vice* Good Hope), Myosotis, and Torreador, to furnish the winner of the Ebor of 1870, reserving, as before, an absolute preference for Blandford, if a commission be executed upon suitable terms.

For the other events at York our selections are as follows:—

On Tuesday the Yorkshire Oaks will probably bring out the Oaks winner, who is penalised 7lb, the winner of the Thirteenth Biennial on Wednesday at Stockton, Mr. Merry's Lady of Lyons, and Lord Zetland's Fragrance, with her 7lb allowance. Our choice lies between Gamos and Fragrance, with a preference for the latter at 14lb. The Convivial Stakes will be won by The Pearl, who is capable of carrying 7lb penalty, set off by 3lb allowance. The Fourteenth Biennial Stakes, over the Old Course, looks a good thing for Champion, who has only Nobleman and Fordham to fear.

On Wednesday, the Fifteenth North of England Biennial lies between Lord Falmouth's Ortolan and Mr. Merry's Sunflower Colt. The Prince of Wales Stakes we award to Digby Grand, unless Tupgill can produce a foeman worthy of his steel.

On Thursday, we can see nothing to beat Bothwell in the Gimcrack Stakes. The Colt Sapling Stakes will probably be a walk over for Mr. Merry's colt. In the Great Yorkshire Stakes we prefer the chances of Lady of Lyons and Falkland. The Aske Produce will fall to Lord Stamford's Corintha Colt; and the York Cup we shall unhesitatingly award to Rosicrucian, though two of the three-year-olds will make him gallop over this course.

Forecast.

T. Cliff, jun., trainer, Hendesford, died on Sunday, of consumption, aged thirty-seven.

THE GREAT RACES OF 1872.

EPSOM SUMMER MEETING.

FRIDAY.

Renewal of the Oaks Stakes of 50 sovs each, h ft, for fillies, then three years old, 8st 10lb each; the owner of the second filly to receive 300 sovs, and the third 150 sovs out of the stakes, which are to be made at Messrs. Weatherby's Office, in London, before starting, or not entitled to receive though a winner; about a mile and a half, starting at the New High Level Starting-post. (174 subs).

Lord Ailesbury's Scrutiny, by Stockwell—Bribery.
Lord Ailesbury's Grecian Bend, by Chevalier d'Industrie—Teterrima.
Lord Ailesbury's Demi Monde, by Chevalier d'Industrie—Frailty.
Lord Ailesbury's f by Stockwell—Cantine.
Lord Anglesey's f by Caterer—Beauty, by Lanercost.
Lord Anglesey's f by The Duke—Clematis.
Lord Anglesey's f by St. Albans—Overture.
Lord Anglesey's f by Saunterer—Bangle.
Lord Anglesey's f by Crater—Start Point.
Lord Anglesey's f by The Duke—La Traviata.
Mr. J. N. Astley's f by Atherstone—Presumption.
Mr. H. Baldwin's Ella, by Ely—Braxey, by Mosstrooper.
Duke of Beaufort's f by Solon—Christmas Pie.
Mr. Beverley's My Delight, by Moulsey—Delilah.
Mr. Bowes's Madge Wildfire, by Blair Athol—Old Orange Girl.
Lord Bradford's f by Stockwell—Black Lily.
Lord Bradford's f by Chevalier d'Industrie—Sprite.
Lord Bradford's f by Stockwell—Spring Blossom.
Sir R. Bulkeley's Guadaloupe, by Neptunus—Curacoa.
Mr. W. S. Cartwright's Louise Victoria, by Marsyas—The Princess of Wales.
Mr. W. S. Cartwright's f by Blair Athol—Phœbe.
Captain Christie's f by Saccharometer—Prescripton.
Mr. W. S. Clifton's Marion, by Marionette—Eppie.
Mr. Cookson's f by Rataplan—Lady Macdonald.
Mr. Cookson's f by Lambton—Kilbride. §
Mr. Cookson's f by Macaroni or Scottish Chief—Queen of Trumps, by King Tom.
Mr. Cookson's f by Macaroni—Virginia, by Stockwell.
Mr. Cookson's f by Macaroni—Famine.
Mr. Cookson's f by Macaroni—Baliverne.
Mr. Cookson's f by Blair Athol—Light Heart.
Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's Cottage Maiden by King John—Elspeth.
Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's Highland Lassie, by Caterer or Stockwell—Glengowrie.
Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's Gowdie, by Gladiateur—At Last.
Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's La Voleuse, by Chevalier d'Industrie—Tight-fit.
Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's Devotion, by Stockwell—Alcestis.
Mr. W. S. Crawfurd's Botany Bay, by King Tom—Botany.
Mr. Cross's Phya, by Nutbourne—Phyllis, by Joe Lovell.
Mr. T. Dawson's f by Claret—Cocktail (h b).
Mr. T. Dawson's f by Strafford (son of Young Melbourne)—Olive Branch.
Mr. T. Dawson's f by Strafford—Pinch.
Mr. John Day's f by Asteroid—Rose Chéri.
Mr. W. Day's f by Man-at-Arms—Modena.
Mr. W. Day's f by Stockwell—Preceptress.
Mr. W. Day's f by Citadel—Precise.
Mr. W. Day's f by Citadel—Cerintha.
Mr. H. Delamarre's Anicroche, by Vermout—Algerade (bred in France.)
Mr. R. Drewitt's f by Atherstone—Emotion.
Mr. R. Drewitt's f by Master Fenton—Annette, by Scythian.
Lord Durham's f by Macaroni—The Nymph.
Mr. H. Dutton's f by Scottish Chief—Queen Bess.
Mr. B. Ellam's Queen o' Scots, by Blair Athol—East Sheen.
Lord Falmouth's Prowess, by Saunterer—Woodcraft.
Lord Falmouth's Lovelock, by Lord Clifden—Vergiss-mein-Nicht.
Lord Falmouth's f by Saunterer—Firefly, by Orlando.
Mr. F. Fisher's Miss O'Rourke, by Trumpeter—Biddy O'Rourke.
Colonel Forester's f by Saccharometer—Honey.
Mr. Thomas Gee's Cameo, by Camerino—Patience, by Lanercost.
Mr. T. Golby's Restless, by Orest—Lady Middleton.
Mr. T. Gunn's f by Asteroid—Chiffonnière.
Mr. Y. R. Graham's f by Oxford—Besika.
Mr. Y. R. Graham's f by Oxford—Hippodamia.
Mr. Y. R. Graham's f by Knight of the Crescent—Egyptian.
Mr. Y. R. Graham's f by Oxford—Hartshorn, by Mountain Deer.
Mr. W. Hale's Necklet, by Young Melbourne—Bracelet.
Mr. C. Harrison's Excalibur, by Gladiateur—Bathilde.
Mr. A. Harrison's f by Lord Clifden—Scarlet Runner, by Arundel.
Lord Hartington's f by Rattlebone—Sister to Ryshworth.
Captain B. E. Hawke ns f by Cape Flyaway—Stockade.
Sir J. Hawley's Derelict, by Tim Whiffler—Vaga.
Sir J. Hawley's Peristera, by Beadsman—Columba.
Sir J. Hawley's Blue Sleeves, by Beadsman—Mrs. Quickly.
Count Henckel's Siegenur, by Giles the First—Press Forward (Bounceaway's dam) (bred in Germany.)
Mr. G. Hilton's f by Cecrops—Nuneaton.
Mr. G. Hilton's f by Moulsey—Cavriana.
Mr. L. Hodgson's f by Lord Clifden—Medea, by Sir Tatton Sykes.
Mr. W. Hudson's f by Cathedral—Peg Fife.
Mr. W. I'Anson, jun. ns f by Rataplan—Borealis.
Mr. W. I'Anson, jun. ns f by Blair Athol—Ellen the Fair.
Mr. W. I'Anson, jun. ns f by Blair Athol—Nutbush.
Mr. J. M. Jennings's Lady Murray, by Blair Athol—Secret Treasure.
Mr. T. Jenning's Dulce Domum, by Cambuscan—Sweet Home.
Mr. T. Jenning's Aphis, by Man-at-Arms—Locust.
Mr. J. Johnstone's f by Trumpeter—Trapcage.
Mr. J. Johnstone's f by Gladiateur—Revivalist.
Mr. J. Johnstone's f by St. Albans—Merry Sunshine.
Mr. J. Johnstone's f by Blair Athol—Fair Melrose.
Mr. J. Johnstone's f by Adventurer—Thrift, by Stockwell—Braxey.
Mr. J. Johnstone's f by Caractacus—The Thane.
Mr. J. Johnstone's f by Young Melbourne—Moss Rose, by Touchstone.
Sir F. Johnstone's f by Gladiateur—Doglia.
Sir F. Johnstone's Sister to Pitteri, by Prime Minister—Lurley.
Sir F. Johnstone's f by Trumpeter—The Roe.
Mr. G. G. Keswick's Lucens, by Trumpeter—Hepatica.
Mr. G. G. Keswick's f by Wild Dayrell—The Swallow, by Cotherstone.
Count F. de Lagrange's Etoile du Soir, by Gladiateur—Etoile du Nord (bred in France).
Count F. de Lagrange's Gironde, by Monarque—Miss Ion (bred in France).
Count F. de Lagrange's Mobile, by Monarque—Tolla (bred in France).
Count F. de Lagrange's Reine, by Monarque—Fille de l'Air (bred in France).
Mr. Launde's Muddle, by Moulsey—Mandragora.
Mr. Launde's Milliner, by Rataplan—Manganese.
Captain Machell's Whirlpool, by Fitz-Roland or Atherstone—Midia.
Mr. H. May's America, by St. Albans—Amazon.
Mr. H. May's Lady of the Lake, by St. Albans—Lady of the Manor.
Mr. Merry's f by Costa—Clotilde.
Mr. Merry's f by Scottish Chief—Gong.
Mr. Merry's f by St. Albans—Lioness.
Mr. Merry's f by Thormanby—Rambling Katie.
Mr. Merry's f by St. Albans—Sunflower.
Mr. T. V. Morgan's Leila, by Newcastle—Donna del Lago.
Mr. T. V. Morgan's Calvia, by Cambuscan—Queen of the Isles.
Mr. G. W. Morris's f by Knowsley—Vishnu.
Mr. F. Mouncey's Sister to Shannon, by Lambton, dam by Newminster—Rigoletto.
Mr. Naylor's f by Stockwell—Touch-and-Go.
Mr. Naylor's f by Stockwell—Biondella.
Mr. Naylor's f by Stockwell—Artless.
Mr. W. Nelson's f by Thunderbolt—Ætna.
Mr. Payne's f by General Peel—Strafford's dam.
Mr. Payne's f by Brother to Strafford (foaled in 1860)—Anonyma.
Mr. Payne's Sister to Geoffrey, by Knowsley, dam by Voltigeur.
Mr. Payne's f by General Peel, dam (foaled in 1862) by Toxopholite—Miss Sarah.
Mr. Payne's f by Ely—Beatrice.
Colonel Pearson's f by Asteroid—Panoply.
Colonel Pearson's Sister to Chevisaunce, by Stockwell—Paradigm.
Mr. Ray's f by Caterer—Beech Nut.
Baron Rothschild's Sister to Corisande, by King Tom—May Bloom.
Baron Rothschild's f by King Tom—Accident's dam, by Hampton.
Baron Rothschild's f by King Tom, dam by Fernhill or Gleam—Bonny Betty.
Lord Royston's f by Citadel—Tamarind.
Sir C. Rushout's Moonlight, by Moulsey—Cynthia.
Mr. H. Savile's Deerdale, by The Duke—Doeskin.
Mr. H. Savile's f by The Ranger—Vertumna.
Mr. H. Savile's f by The Duke—May Morning.
Mr. J. Saxon's f by Defender—Gaylass, by Teddington.
Mr. J. Saxon's f by Defender—Mary, by Idle Boy.
Lord Scarborough's Bella, by Rataplan—The Belle, by Melbourne.
Lord Scarborough's Wallflower, by Rataplan—Chaperon, by Flatcatcher.
Lord Scarborough's Réveillée, by Rataplan—Charmoine.
Baron Schickler's Suzeraine, by Argonaut—Bravery (bred in France).
Mr. J. Scott's Pompadour, by Cape Flyaway—Tooi Tooi.
Mr. J. G. Simpson's Kleptomania, by Adventurer—Gertrude.
Mr. C. Snewing's f by Caractacus—Sea Eagle.
Mr. Somerville's Serenity, by Saunterer—Gratitude.
Major Stapylton's Staffa, by Citadel—Vouralak.
Major Stapylton's Sea Shell, by Neptunus—Princess, by Autocrat.
Major Stapylton's Sorrentina, by Colsterdale—My Mary.
Mr. H. Stephenson's f by Macaroni—Julia, by Launcelot.
Mr. W. Stewart's Sister to Mary, by Cairncastle—Maid of Kildare.
Mr. H. E. Surtee's Athenais, by Blair Athol—Thais, by Chanticleer.
Mr. R. Sutton's f by Elland—Maid of the Glen.
Mr. R. Sutton's f by Claret—Weatherside.
Colonel Towneley's f by Breadalbane—Imperatrice.
Colonel Towneley's f by Kettledrum—Pompadour.
Mr. W. Vaughan's f by Macaroni—Maid of the Mist.
Mr. W. Vaughan's f by Thormanby—Plausible.
Mr. W. Vaughan's f by Cavendish—Miss Armstrong.
Mr. W. Vaughan's f by Cavendish—Miss Walker.
Mr. W. Vaughan's f by Young Dutchman—All's Well.
Mr. T. E. Walker's Rose of Eltham, by Marsyas—Rose of Kent.
Mr. T. E. Walker's Chansonette, by Savernake—Canzonette.
Mr. H. Waring's f by Prime Minister—Crucifixion.
Mr. J. Watson's f by St. Albans—Gobelins.
Mr. J. Watson's f by St. Albans—Ess Bouquet.
Mr. J. Watson's f by Macaroni—Selina (Cecil's dam).
Mr. J. Watson's f by Blair Athol—Hecate (sister to Wizard).
Mr. J. Watson's f by Macaroni—Chamade.
Mr. J. Watson's f by Stockwell, dam by West Australian—Victorious's dam.
Mr. R. S. Wickmore's Fille de l'Oise, by Muscovite—Fantaisie (bred in France).
Mr. F. A. Williamson's f by Caterer—The Broom.
Lord Wilton's Sister to Rodomonte, by St. Albans—Doralice.
Lord Wilton's f by St. Albans—Bradamante.
Mr. T. Winteringham's Maid of Perth, by Scottish Chief—Perth's dam.
Mr. I. Woolcott's f by Marsyas—Seclusion.
Mr. A. Young's Lady Digby, by Forager—Miss Digby.
Mr. A. Young's Happy Thought, by Dundee—Merry Thought.

THE DERBY OF 1872.

The total of the entries for the Derby Stakes of 1872 is 192; and the list consists of 180 colts (one of which number, Mr. T. Jennings's nomination, is a gelding) and 12 fillies. Six are of doubtful paternity—namely, colt by Trumpeter or Sydmonton, colt by Caterer or Stockwell, colt by Oxford or Knight of the Crescent, colt by Weatherbit or High Treason, colt by Vengeance or Sydmonton, and colt by Crater or Sundeelah. The remaining 186 are credited to 79 different sires, as follows:—

Blair Athol	10	Rapid Rhone	1
Adventurer	8	Broomielaw	1
Trumpeter	8	Ely	1
Macaroni	7	Warlock	1
King Tom	7	West Australian	1
Lord Clifden	6	Dollar	1
Rataplan	6	Man-at-Arms	1
Marsyas	6	Mainstone	1
Gladiateur	5	Loiterer	1
St. Albans	5	Mousley	1
Cambuscan	5	Blarney	1
Oxford	5	Chattanooga	1
Beadsman	4	Asteroid	1
Breadalbane	4	Wingrave	1
Dundee	4	Brocket	1
The Duke	4	Promised Land	1
Stockwell	3	Outcast	1
Fitz-Roland	3	Vermont	1
Caterer	3	Lord of the Isles	1
Newminster	3	King John	1
Monarque	3	Atherstone	1
Camerino	3	Little Hastings	1
Parmesan	3	Giles the First	1
Arthur Wellesley	3	Narbonne	1
Thormanby	2	Sydmonton	1
Kettledrum	2	High Treason	1
Prime Minister	2	Newcastle	1
Saccharometer	2	Costa	1
Saunterer	2	Knowsley	1
Exchequer	2	Grimstone	1
Cathedral	2	Jack o' Lantern	1
King of Trumps	2	Brother to Bird on the Wing	1
Cecrops	2	Brother to Stafford	1
Young Melbourne	2	Chevalier d' Industrie	1
Ranger	2	Citadel	1
Miner	2	Distin	1
Elland	2	Argonaut	1
Caractacus	1	Cape Flyaway	1
Savernake	1	Mildew	1
Scottish Chief	1		

Baron Rothschild adheres with great tenacity to his favourite King Toms, his whole batch of five being by the sire of King Alfred and Kingcraft, while Sir Joseph Hawley depends solely upon three of his Beadsman "homebreds," the fourth by this celebrated horse being the Duke of Beaufort's single entry. About a moiety of the youngsters have already received their names, and if the nomenclature is not on the whole remarkably happy, it might be a great deal worse—*e.g.*, Scrutiny, a filly by Stockwell from Bribery, is pretty good; again, Delay, a colt by Loiterer. Then we have Risque-tout, a colt by Adventurer; and Meanderer, a colt by Saunterer. Dulce Domum, a filly by Cambuscan, from Sweet Home, we can understand; and Stamford, a colt by the same horse, we can only appreciate as a compliment to the sire's owner. Prodigal, a colt by Outcast, would have done had it been original; but it is not, and repetition in naming racehorses is bad, because it causes confusion in the Stud-book. The most noticeable attempt at blending the names of sire and dam is Fitz-Reggy, a colt by Fitz-Roland, from Reginella.

RACING FIXTURES.

AUGUST.			
York	23	Rainham	29
St. Albans	23	Derby Summer	30
Plymouth	25	Weymouth	30
Scarborough	29	Liverpool	31
SEPTEMBER.			
Warwick	6	Western Meeting (Ayr)	21
Abingdon	8	Hendon	22
Doncaster	13	Monmouth	22
Hampton Autumn	20	Newmarket 1st Oct.	27
Richmond	20	Lanark	29
OCTOBER.			
Curragh	1	Perth	12
Bedford	4	Kelso	18
Edinburgh	5	Cheltenham Autumn	18
Leicester	6	Curragh	18
Bromley	6	Newmarket Houghton	24
Newmarket 2nd Oct.	10		
NOVEMBER.			
Worcester	1	Shrewsbury	14
Liverpool Autumn	8		

PRINCIPAL TURF FIXTURES FOR 1870.

Great Ebor Handicap (2 miles)	Wed., August 24.
Great Yorkshire Stakes (1¾ miles)	Thurs., August 25.
Doncaster St. Leger (1 mile 6 fur. 132 yds.)	Wed., Sept. 14.
Great Eastern Handicap (5 fur. 140 yds.)	Tues., Sept. 27.
October Handicap (1 mile 2 fur. 73 yds.)	Friday, Sept. 30.
Cesarewich Stakes (2 miles 2 fur. 28 yds.)	Tues., Oct. 11.
Middle Park Plate (6 furlongs)	Wed., Oct. 12.
Roxburghe Handicap (1½ miles)	Tues., Oct. 18.
Cambridgeshire Stakes (1 mile 240 yds.)	Tuesday, Oct. 25.

Advertisements.

GAIETY THEATRE, Strand, Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead.—REOPENS for the New Season on MONDAY, August 22.—Ballet of action, LA DAME AUX CAMELLIAS, in which Mdlle. Emma Carle, Herr Carle, and the Corps de Ballet will appear. Planché's comic drama of PETER SPYK, in which Mr. Morris, the celebrated Anglo-Dutch comedian, from the principal theatres of America, will make his first appearance in England, supported by Miss Tremaine, and Miss Maria Harris. Adolphe Adam's comic opera, called DOLLY, in which Madame Florence Lancia, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Aynsley Cook, and Mr. J. D. Stoyle will make their first appearance at this Theatre. First time, Offenbach's musical extravaganza, TROMBALCAZAR, in which Miss Constance Loseby, Mr. E. Perrini, Mr. J. Maclean, and Mr. J. D. Stoyle will appear, supported by Chorus and Ballet. Principal dancers, Mdlle. Emma Carle and M. Charles Carle (from Niblo's Theatre, New York). No fees. Prices from Sixpence to Two Guineas. Box-office open from ten to five.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.– LITTLE EM'LY.—Revival (by general desire) of the great Olympic Drama, LITTLE EM'LY, adapted by Andrew Halliday from "David Copperfield," the favourite work of the late Charles Dickens, produced under the sole direction of Mrs. W. H. Liston.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—UNDINE, THIS EVENING Saturday), August 20, at half-past nine. Startling effects, gorgeous dresses, beautiful music; new songs by R. Reece, F. W. Taylor, Winterbottom, and G. W. Martin.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—"'Little Em'ly' is revived with a cast in many respects so new that the revival may almost be regarded as a novelty. Without drawing 'odorous' comparisons, we may safely affirm that the piece has not in the least suffered by the change of the performers."—Times.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—UNDINE.—"'The Raging Torrent,' behind the fisherman's hut, with menacing shapes of gnomes, goblins, and water sprites surging amid the waters. The Enchanted Forest, haunted by mischievous elves. 'The Descent of Undine beneath the waves.' 'The Apotheosis of Undine,' who is seen soaring towards Olympus, surrounded by ministering seraphs clad in many-coloured robes, on which the lime-light falls with refulgent splendour."—Morning Post.

QUEEN'S.—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.—179th time.—Received each evening with overwhelming approbation by crowded audiences.—Stalls, 7s.; balcony, 5s.; box stalls (bonnets allowed), 2s. 6d.; pit, 1s. 6d.; amphitheatre, 1s.; gallery, 6d.

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ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. Swanborough.—Open Every Evening for the Summer Season.—TO-NIGHT, at 7.10, the comedy by the late W. Brough, KIND TO A FAULT; the celebrated Burlesque, by H. J. Byron, THE PILGRIM OF LOVE; and A DAY AFTER THE WEDDING. Doors open at seven. Secure your seats at the Box-office or at the Libraries.

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VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, Strand.—Lessees, Messrs. H. J. Montague, D. James, and T. Thorne.—THIS EVENING, at 7.30, the new Farce, by F. Hay, CUPBOARD LOVE. Messrs. H. Elton, C. Garthorne, and Miss L. Claire. TWO ROSES, by James Albery.

THIS EVENING, at eight o'clock, new and original Comedy in Three Acts, by J. Albery, TWO ROSES. Messrs. H. J. Montague, T. Thorne, H. Irving, George Honey, W. H. Stephens; Mesdames Lavis, A. Newton, and Amy Fawsitt.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, Strand.—THIS EVENING, at 9.45, DON CARLOS, by Conway Edwardes. Messrs. T. Thorne, G. Honey, H. Elton; Mesdames Nelly Power, J. Beauclerc, R. Evelyn, and L. Claire.

MESSRS. MONTAGUE, JAMES, and THORNE beg to announce that on SATURDAY MORNING, August 27, at two o'clock, a PERFORMANCE of the enormously successful comedy of the TWO ROSES, by James Albery, will be given in AID of the FUND now being raised for the SICK and WOUNDED SOLDIERS of the FRENCH and GERMAN ARMIES. The ladies and gentlemen of the company, the band, and every one engaged on the establishment, have offered their gratuitous services. The proceeds will be immediately handed over to the Lord Mayor, and the amount announced from the stage in the course of the morning.—VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate.—TO-NIGHT, and EVERY EVENING at 7.30, Charles Reade's great drama of PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE, from the Theatre Royal, Adelphi, with the entire Adelphi Company, and all the original effects that have recently created so great a sensation at that theatre.

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